

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 18.

Boston, October, 1885.

No. 5.

Governor Robinson.

"We may not make a forest, for we may not own land enough for one; but wherever there is a dwelling, and wherever there runs a road, or stands a schoolhouse, a church or a railway station, or a watering trough beside the road where the animal stops to drink, there is the place for a shade. Then, if the animals could speak, how they would bless the man who planted the tree beside the water, so that they could enjoy the cool shade while they took their draught."

From the Governor's address before the Forestry Congress, Boston, Sept. 8, 1885.

—Mass. Ploughman's Report.

A Railway Lesson.

It was a hot, dusty day, when two or three passengers entered the train on the Iowa Division of the Chicago & Northwestern Road at Bridgewater. Among them was a stylishly dressed young man, who wore a stiff white hat, patent-leather shoes, the neatest of cuffs, the shiniest of stand-up collars. He carried a cane, and carefully brushed the dust from the seat in front of me before he sat down.

Just across the aisle, opposite him, sat a tired woman holding a sick baby. I never saw on any face a more discouraged, worn-out, despairing look than that on the mother's face. The baby was too sick even to cry. It lay moaning and gasping in its mother's lap, while the dust and cinders flew in at the open door and windows. The heat and the dust made travelling, even for strong men, almost unbearable.

I had put down the stylish young man in front of me as a specimen of the dude family, and was making a mental calculation on the probable existence of brains under the new hat, when, to my astonishment, he leaned over the aisle and said to the woman:

"Madam, can I be of any assistance to you? Just let me hold your baby a while. You look very tired."

The woman seemed much surprised; the request was made in the politest and most delicate manner.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said she, tremulously. "I am tired." And her lips quivered.

"I think the baby will come to me," said the young man, with a smile. "Poor thing! it's too

sick to make any objection. I will hold it carefully, madam, while you lie down and rest a while. Have you come far?"

"From the Black Hills."

"What! By stage?"

"Yes; but the baby was well when I started. I was on my way home to the East. My husband—my husband—"

"Ah, yes, I see, I see!" continued the young man, in a sympathetic tone, as he glanced at the bit of crape on the little travelling-hat. By this time he had taken the baby, and was holding it in his arms.

"Now you can lie down and rest a little. Have you far to go?"

"To Connecticut," replied the woman, almost with a sob, as she wearily arranged a shawl over a valise, and prepared to lie down in the seat.

"Ah, yes, I see! And you haven't money enough to go in a sleeping-car, have you, madam?"

The poor woman blushed faintly, and put one hand over her face, while the tears dropped between her worn fingers.

I looked out of the window, and a mist came over my eyes, while I changed my calculation of the young man's mental ability. He looked thoughtfully and tenderly down at the baby, and in a short time the mother was fast asleep.

A woman sitting across the aisle from me, who had heard as much of the conversation as I had, came and offered to relieve the young man of his charge. "I am ashamed of myself for not offering to take the baby from the mother before. Poor little thing! It's asleep."

"So it is. I'll surrender it to you now," (with a cheerful smile.)

At this point the train stopped at a station, and the young man rose in his seat, took off his hat, and said, in a clear, earnest voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, here is an opportunity for each one of us to show that we have been brought up in a Christian land, and have had Christian fathers and mothers. This poor woman" (pointing at the sleeping mother) "has come all the way from the Black Hills, and is on her way to Connecticut. Her husband is dead, her baby is ill. She has n't money enough to travel in a sleeping-car, and is all tired out and discouraged. What will you do about it?"

"Do!" cried a big man down near the water-cooler, rising excitedly. "Do! Take up a collection" [the American citizen's last resort in distress]. "I'll give \$5."

The effect was electrical. The hat went around,

and the way the silver dollars and the quarters and the tent-cent pieces rattled in it would have done any true heart good.

I wish I could describe the look on the woman's face when she awoke and the money was given to her. She tried to thank us all, and failed; she broke down completely. But we did n't need any thanks.

There was a sleeping-car on the train, and the young man saw the mother and child transferred to it at once. I did not hear what she said to him when he left her, but it must have been a hearty "God bless you!"

More than one of us in that car took that little lesson to himself, and I learned that even stylish as well as poor clothes may cover a noble heart.

—C. H. Sheldon, in Companion.

The Honest Old Toad.

Oh, a queer little chap is the honest old toad,

A funny old fellow is he;

Living under the stone by the side of the road,

'Neath the shade of the old willow tree.

He is dressed all in brown from his toe to his crown,

Save his vest, that is silvery white.

He takes a long nap in the heat of the day,

And walks in the cool, dewy night.

"Raup, yaup," says the frog,

From his home in the bog,

But the toad he says never a word;

He tries to be good, like the children who should

Be seen, but never be heard.

When winter draws near, Mr. Toad goes to bed,

And sleeps just as sound as a top.

But when May blossoms follow soft April showers,

He comes out with a skip, jump, and hop;

He changes his dress only once, I confess,—

Every spring; and his old worn-out coat,

With trousers and waistcoat, he rolls in a ball,

And stuffs the whole thing down his throat.

"K-rruk, k-rruk," says the frog,

From his home in the bog;

But the toad he says never a word.

He tries to be good, like the children who should

Be seen, but never be heard.

A Burlington girl has an album in which are preserved the photographs of all the young gentlemen who have flirted with her. She calls it her "rogues' gallery."

Ben Hazzard's Guests.

FOR SPECIAL USE IN BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS, WE RE-
PRINT IN THIS NUMBER.

Ben Hazzard's hut was smoky and cold;
Ben Hazzard, half blind, was black and old,
And he cobbled shoes for his scanty gold.
Sometimes he sighed for a larger store
Wherewith to bless the wandering poor;
For he was not wise in worldly lore;
The poor were Christ's; he knew no more.
One night a cry from the window came,—
Ben Hazzard was sleepy, and tired, and lame,—
"Ben Hazzard, open!" it seemed to say,
"Give shelter and food, I humbly pray."
Ben Hazzard lifted his woolly head
To listen. "Tis awful cold," he said,
And his old bones shook in his ragged bed,
"But the wanderer must be comforted.
Come in, in the name of the Lord!" he cried,
As he opened the door, and held it wide.
A milk-white kitten was all he spied.
Ben Hazzard, amazed, stared up and down;
The stout house-doors were carefully shut,
Safe bolted were all but old Ben's hut.
"I thought that somebody called," he said,
"Some dream or other got into my head;
Come then, poor pussy, and share my bed."
Then out from the storm, the wind, and the sleet,
Puss joyfully lay at old Ben's feet.
Truly, it was a terrible storm;
Ben feared he should nevermore be warm.
But just as he began to be dozy,
And puss was purring soft and cozy,
A voice called faintly before his door:
"Ben Hazzard, Ben Hazzard, help, I implore!
Give drink, and a crust from out your store."
Out from his bed he stumbled again;
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said;
"With such as I have, thou shalt be fed."
Only a little black dog he saw,
Whining and shaking a broken paw.
"Well, well!" he cried, "I must have dreamed,
But verily like a voice it seemed.
Poor creature," he added, with husky tone,
"Thou shalt have the whole of my marrow-bone."
He went to the cupboard, and took from the shelf
The bone he had saved for his very self;
Then, after binding the broken paw,
Half dead with cold went back to his straw.
Under the ancient blue bedquilt he crept,
His conscience was white, and again he slept.
But again a voice called, both loud and clear:
"Ben Hazzard, for Christ's sweet sake come here!"
Once more he stood at the open door,
And looked abroad, as he looked before.
This time, full sure 'twas a voice he heard;
But all that he saw was a storm-tossed bird.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
Tenderly raising the drooping head,
And, tearing his tattered robe apart,
Laid the cold bird on his own warm heart.
The sunrise flashed on the snowy thatch,
As an angel lifted the wooden latch.
Ben woke in a flood of golden light,
And knew the voice that had called all night.
"Thrice happy is he that blesseth the poor.
The humblest creature that sought thy door,
For Christ's sweet sake thou hast comforted."
"Nay, 'twas not much," Ben humbly said,
With a rueful shake of his old gray head.
"Who giveth all of his scanty store,
In Christ's dear name, can do no more.
Behold, the Master, who waiteth for thee,
Saith: 'Giving to them thou hast given to me.'
Then, with heaven's light on his face, "Amen!
I come in the name of the Lord," said Ben.
"Frozen to death!" the watchman said,
When at last he found him in his bed,
With a smile on his face so strange and bright,
He wondered what old Ben saw that night.

—Anna P. Marshall, in *The Congregationalist*.

[From the New Haven Journal and Courier, Sept. 7th.]

A Dove on the Pastor's Head.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCES IN A CHURCH AT EAST HAVEN.

The worshippers in the East Haven Congregational Church, yesterday morning, witnessed a scene that will long be remembered. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Clark, was about finishing the prayer immediately preceding the sermon, when a dove lit upon the centre gallery, in full view of the congregation, and began gently cooing. As the clergyman finished his prayer, the dove flew to the side gallery and perched on the gallery railing, about opposite the clergyman. When the pastor was reading the chapter from which his text was taken, the dove cooed when the pastor's tones grew louder and stopped when he paused. The pastor was reading the first chapter of John's gospel, and when he read the 32d verse and came to the clause, "I saw the spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him," the dove, which had by its motions indicated an intention of flying to the pastor, flew to the sacred desk and perched directly upon the open pages of the sacred volume. The pastor's text was the fourth verse of the chapter. The dove shortly after flew in a circle over the singers' heads in the side seats and settled down upon the platform below the pulpit, and here it remained throughout the sermon, occasionally emitting a "coo" as if in appreciation either of the pastor's words, or the share of notice the congregation gave it. At the conclusion of the sermon, the pastor stepped down to lead in the sacrament services, and before doing so closed the Bible, whereupon the dove flew up and lit upon the closed book and cooed. The bird thrice stepped off the book and returned to it. It then nestled down by the side of the sacred book, and remained there until the sacrament service was closed. The climax here arrived. Mr. Clark finished the service with a few remarks, in which, after noting the interruption that the dove had occasioned as having been remarkable in view of the singular coincidences which all had noted, he added that, as the Holy Spirit had descended on Christ, might not the presence of this winged visitor be taken as emblematical of the presence of the Spirit in this church at this time? whereupon the bird flew and lit directly upon the pastor's head. The effect upon the pastor and audience was electrical, and where before the dove had been regarded with simple curiosity and had caused smiling faces, now many of the ladies were moved to tears, and the whole assembly seemed to be deeply and strangely affected. The pastor took the dove down and held it against his breast, and in that position closed the services with the benediction.

The dove was Stevey Bradley's pet dove, which, somewhat like Mary's little lamb, had followed him, not to school, but to church. He saw it following him, and motioned it back. The dove flew back, but, seeing Stevey's sister en route to church, took heart and followed her; and when she entered the church, the bird stole in by the gallery stairs and flew into the gallery. There being no one in the galleries, the bird had no one near it, and from this vantage ground descended upon the pulpit.

A Diplomatic Argument.

Speaking of two legislative bodies as against one, there is no better illustration than the story that is told by the great French publicist, Laboulaye, of Washington and Jefferson. Jefferson was taking tea with the father of his country, and, having recently returned from France, was talking of the French system, which has but one Legislative chamber. Washington listened with interest to the end, and then said:

"You have just shown the superior advantage of the two-chamber system of legislation."

"How?" asked Jefferson.

"Why, you have poured your tea out of your cup into your saucer to cool."

It is said that the argument was considered a powerful one by Jefferson.

—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Trying to Fool a Shepherd Dog.

There is something in the intelligence of the shepherd-dogs that seems to put this and that together, and then act upon conclusions, just as if they walked upright like boys. A shepherd once said to his dog, which was stretched in a cozy corner before the fire: "I am thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes." Though he purposely laid no stress on the words, the dog, which had seemed asleep, got quickly up, and, leaping through an open window, scrambled up the turf roof of the house, whence he could overlook the field. But the cow was not in sight, as the shepherd well knew, and the dog, descending, ran into the farmyard to make sure of the animal's whereabouts. Finding the cow there, the dog trotted back to the house and took his place on the hearth. After a while the shepherd, in a quiet tone, repeated what he had said before, and again, with ready obedience, the dog went out to seek the cow. When he had once more stretched himself before the fire, the shepherd uttered for the third time his words of warning. Then it was worth a gold pen to see the dog's expression. He got up, wagged his tail, and, with a gleam of humor in his eyes, looked at the shepherd as if to say: "My master, you're merry!" Nor did he offer to go out, but, when his master and a visitor present laughed, he gave a growl of satisfaction and returned to his corner.

—Golden Days.

One Woman in England.

Some years ago, in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavement of a steep hill, up which loaded wagons and carts were constantly moving. Yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat and curse the poor animals who tugged and pulled and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way, except a poor old woman, who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her so, to see the poor horses slip and fall on the slippery pavement, that every morning, old and feeble as she was, with trembling steps she climbed the hill and emptied her ash-pan and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbors, on the smoothest spot.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention, but after a little they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, to be ashamed of their own cruelty, and to listen to her requests, that they would be more gentle with their beasts.

The Town-officials heard of the old lady's work and they were ashamed too, and set to work leveling the hill and re-opening the pavement. Prominent men came to know what the old woman had done, and it suggested to them an organization for doing such work as the old lady had inaugurated. All this made the teamsters so grateful, that they went among their employers and others with a subscription paper, and raised a fund which bought the old lady a comfortable annuity for life. So one poor old woman and her ash-pan not only kept the poor overloaded horses from falling and stopped the blows and curses of their drivers, but made every animal in the city more comfortable, improved and beautified the city itself, and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell.

—Rev. F. M. Todd, Manassas, Virginia.

His Wife's Bonnet.

"Why, how wonderfully life-like?" said Mr. Derrix, gently caressing a humble bee which reposed among the artificial flowers and insects of his wife's new bonnet. "If it was on a garden wall I'd swear it was all—Gr-r-eat Ce-sar!" he suddenly shrieked, inserting a wounded finger in his mouth and dancing around like a whirling dervish. "Why, the blamed thing is alive!"

Timid buyer: "Is the horse shy or timid?"
Seller: "Not a bit of it. Why, he sleeps all alone in his stable."



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

Geo. T. Angell, President, Samuel E. Sawyer, Vice President, Rev. Thomas Timmins, Secretary, Joseph L. Stevens, Treasurer.

Band of Mercy Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all HARMLESS living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge.

M. S. P. C. A.

on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost to every person in the world who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy,—how to form, what to do, how to do it, &c., &c. To every Band formed in America of forty or more, we send, also without cost, "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a leaflet of "Band of Mercy" hymns and songs. To every American teacher who forms an American Teacher's Band of twenty or more, we send all the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

We have badges, beautiful membership cards for those who want them, and a membership book for each Band that wants one, but they are not necessary unless wanted. All that we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." The machinery is so simple that any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost whatever, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish to purchase badges, hymn and song leaflet, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; hymn and song leaflet, fifty cents a hundred; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, six cents. The "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole ten bound together in one pamphlet, full of anecdote as well as instruction.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a good, kind act, to make the world happier and better, is earnestly invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 96 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information

An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy hymn and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies].
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

Orders for the enlarged collection of Melodies in book form can now be filled forthwith at two cents each.

Number of Bands of Mercy.

Whole number of Bands of Mercy to October 1, 1907, with over 320,000 members.

B. O. M.

In the State Reform School, now called Lyman School for Boys, at Westborough, Mass., three Bands of Mercy have been recently formed.

B. O. M.

Ten New Colored Bands of Mercy have been recently formed in the vicinity of New Orleans.

A Good Idea.

"What is this Band of Mercy that you children talk so much about?" asked a young man of a very small girl, as she proudly showed him a shining little star.

"Don't you know?" said she; why, it's the Humane Society that is n't grown up yet."

—J. M. H. in "School and Home," St. Louis.

A Band of Mercy Boy.

A short time ago, as I was crossing Market Street, near Twenty-second, a boy, not over ten years old, who had been walking just before me, ran into the street and picked up a broken glass pitcher which lay in the street. I, of course, supposed he intended the pieces as missiles, since the desire to throw something seems instinct in every boy's heart. Consequently I was much surprised when he threw the pieces, indeed, but into a vacant lot at the corner, and walked quietly on. As he passed me, whistling softly to himself, I said:

"Why did you pick up that pitcher?"

"I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot," he replied.

My next question was a natural one:

"Are you a Band of Mercy boy?"

His eyes smiled as he said:

"Oh, yes; that's why I did it."

The Bands of Mercy were drawn very closely around the dear little fellow's heart, I am sure.

—J. M. H. in "School and Home," St. Louis.

Costly Painting.

"My! but these art works do run into money," remarked a passenger, whose breath smelled like the south side of the Ohio River; "it beats all what fools some folks make of themselves over pictures. When I was in Chicago I saw a little painting about a foot square that was held at \$500. Spect some simpleton will come along and buy it. If I had a million of money, you'd never catch me paying \$500 for a little painting like that."

"That's the way you talk," spoke up a drummer, "but I'll bet that you've paid four times as much money for a painting not a tenth part as big."

"What, me?"

"Yes, you."

"What kind of a painting?"

"The one at the end of your nose."

—New York Witness.

The doctor, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he has outgrown it, said: "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no!" replied the child, "we let out the tucks." The doctor confessed that she had the advantage of him.

At the Little Rock, Ark., Telephone Exchange, lately, a call came in from a residence for a feed-store.

"Hello!"

"Hello! what is it?"

"Mamma says send up a sack of oats and a bale of hay," in a child's voice.

"Who is it for?" inquired the feed-man.

"Why, for the cow," drawled the youngster, and closed up the telephone.

Try It.

Take a slip of paper and place thereon in figures your age in years, dropping months, weeks, and days. Multiply the sum by two; then add to the result obtained the figures 3,768; add two, and then divide by two. Subtract from the result obtained the number of years you have lived, and see if you do not obtain figures you will not be likely to forget.

"Sister, the holy maid does well
Who counts her beads in convent cell,
Where pale devotion lingers;
But she who serves the sufferer's needs,
Whose prayers are spelt in loving deeds,
May trust the Lord will count her beads
As well as human fingers."

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

[From Boston Daily Advertiser, Sept. 8.]

Ballata.

A FORSAKEN CAT.

They are gone, or to the mountains or the sea;
They have closed the house, and take no thought of me!

So by the area gate complained a cat,
A little Maltese cat, with sad green eyes:
The poet first was much annoyed thereat;
More late his heart was moved in gentler wise
Toward her, unhappy, of the strenuous cries,
That wailed in desolate sorrow's minor key.

They are gone, or to the mountains or the sea;
They have closed the house, and take no thought of me!

The poet dipped his pen in blackest ink:
Yea, of a surety, so he wrote, a sin
It is, and subject for remorse, I think,
That any creature should be taken in,
And then with praise and petting taught to pin
Its faith to care that leaves it carelessly.

They are gone, or to the mountains or the sea;
They have closed the house, and take no thought of me!

For her no milkboy with his shining can
Comes whistling down the alley; and to her
No liberally minded marketman
Gives any bone. Her gray neglected fur
Is all unstroked now; no contented purr
Answers caress with tender coquetry.

They are gone, or to the mountains or the sea;
They have closed the house, and take no thought of me!

Although she watch all night before his hole,
Hardly shall venture forth the wary mouse;
The sparrow also, picking up his dole,
Of casual crumbs, is not adventurous
To hop too near her paw. Therefore let us
Take pity, for she cries to you and me:—

They are gone, or to the mountains or the sea;
They have closed the house, and take no thought of me!

How many a kindly woman, for a sum
Enough to meet the expense of pussy's board,
Would take the little creature to her home,
And unconsidered scraps and milk afford,—
This at our charges! Yea, thereby were scored
One in our poor account of charity.

They are gone, or to the mountains or the sea;
They have closed the house, and take no thought of me!

And as the cat kept up her lonely cry,
The poet on her sad case commented;
Till one belated, wandering thereby,
Took up a stone against her, and she fled.
I will record, the pitying poet said,
Thy plaint, poor puss, to move men's minds for thee.

They are gone, or to the mountains or the sea;
They have closed the house, and take no thought of me!

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, October, 1885.

Kindness to Animals in Boston Public Schools.

At the September meeting of the Directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, yesterday, President Angell reported that the School Committee of Boston, on Sept. 8th, by unanimous vote, authorized him to address all the public schools of Boston on the importance and advantages of treating dumb animals kindly.

There are 535 schools in Boston, with 1341 teachers, and about 60,000 pupils.

Mr. Angell proposes to address the 64 High, Normal, Latin, and Grammar Schools first, giving each about one hour.

Mr. Angell's subject with the highest grades will be "*The Relations of Animals that can Speak to those that are Dumb*;" with the lower ones, "*Animals as our Servants, Companions, and Friends*."

The Society's Boston agents have dealt with 165 complaints of cruelty during the month; 32 animals were taken from work, and 59 horses and other animals mercifully killed.

There are now in the United States and Canada 5061 Bands of Mercy, with over 315,000 members.

By the death of Mrs. Charlotte Amanda, wife of Mr. H. K. W. Hall of this city, our Society and dumb animals have lost another of our and their best friends. She died in the firm belief that they, as well as we, shall live again.

Good Thing.

We are glad to see, by August *Animal Friends*, that President Bergh, of the New York Society, has written the Emperor of Brazil in regard to obtaining laws and a Society there to protect animals; also the good service he did in preventing the abuse of horse-car horses at the Grant funeral.

Golden Days.

We call special attention to the beautiful cut and interesting story, "*How Lion Was Found*," kindly loaned us by that excellent boys' and girls' paper, *Golden Days*, published weekly by James Elverson, corner of Ninth and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia. Price, \$3 per annum, in advance.

Important on Jewish Slaughtering.

We learn by letter from Mr. J. C. Van der Hucht, Baarn, Netherlands, that there is a fair prospect of obtaining a change in the Jewish mode of killing animals. German Rabbins say that the present mode is not founded on positive precepts of the Mosaic law, but only on ancient custom. Two Israelitish butchers were condemned by the tribunals in Switzerland last year for slaughtering in the present mode, as violating the laws against cruelty.

Boston School Committee.

We are glad to notice commendatory comments of the Boston press on the action of our School Committee in unanimously voting permission to address all the public schools of Boston on the importance and advantages of treating dumb animals kindly. We take the following from editorial of *Boston Daily Advertiser*, Sept. 18th:—

"The School Committee took a most commendable step when they empowered the President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to give our school children the benefit of his special knowledge, observation, and experience as to 'the importance and advantages of treating dumb animals kindly.' It is not merely that such instruction is fitted to lead the young to appreciate rightly 'the relations of animals that can speak to those that are dumb,' or to understand the extent to which animals are 'our servants, companions, and friends;' but such instruction may be expected to act as a moral factor in the educational life of the scholars; and it is to be hoped that the stimulus which President Angell's addresses may give will be kept alive by well-directed efforts on the part of the teachers."

[From New Orleans Picayune.]

Looking for over-tight check-reins the other day, a walk was taken on Common Street, between Carondelet and Camp Streets, on Camp Street from Poydras to Canal Street, and on both sides of Canal Street, and the result was that there was not one draft-horse seen with the over-tight check-rein. Many were resting with reins loosely hanging on their necks, and several of the horses were protected by various means from the sun. These were the horses of burden, working horses, whose daily labor gives daily bread to their owners, and it is but right that they be carefully tended; but among the wagons, carts, and carriages stood the vehicles of rich men,—men who will give five, ten, twenty, or even hundreds of dollars, to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who expatiate upon the sufferings of the car-mule, etc., and yet these gentlemen, the non-workers, leave their horses standing with heads reined high and eyes facing the sun.

[From London Society.]

The Confidence of a Horse in a Good Rider.

The sagacious horse soon learns to despise a timid rider. The confidence of a horse in a firm rider and his own courage is great, as was conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab possessed by the late General Sir Robert R. Gillespie, who, being present on the race-course at Calcutta during one of the great Hindoo festivals, when several hundred thousand people assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks of the crowd, and informed that a tiger had escaped from his keeper. Sir Robert immediately called for his horse, and, grasping a boar-spear which was in the hands of one of the crowd, rode to attack his formidable enemy. The tiger was probably amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings flying from him in all directions; but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched with the attitude of preparing to spring, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back and stuck the spear through his spine. The horse was a small gray, afterward sent home by him a present to the Prince Regent.

"That's not what I meant," responded the professor. "In ancient days knowledge was confined to a few learned men, but nowadays almost every donkey knows as much as a professor." The students looked at each other, and nodded, and whispered, "That's so."

Cardinal Manning.

August 6th, his Eminence Cardinal Manning presided at a meeting held at the rooms of the Royal Society P. C. A., London, to listen to a lecture in French by M. Rosetti. At the close, his Eminence delivered an address, dwelling upon the thought, which he stated in these words: "*Wherever our race has been profoundly penetrated with a belief in God,—and there is no race, and no part of the world where this belief is more earnest than in Oriental countries,—there do we find dumb animals treated with the most marked care and consideration.*"

Rev. Mr. Timmins.

We are glad to know that Mr. Timmins is hard at work in England, giving addresses, and arousing public sentiment in favor of the humane cause in which all our Societies, on both sides of the Atlantic, have a common interest. We need a thousand missionaries, all over the world, to preach and teach mercy, and reach not only churches and Sunday schools, but the great masses that churches and Sunday schools cannot reach, and so help hasten the time

"When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
That now the angels sing."

Mr. Timmins, at last accounts, had spoken to about seven thousand people.

Ninety-Nine.

We commend to our readers this gem from a poem by Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq., read at the ninety-ninth birthday of his good friend, Mrs. Mary H. Gilbert, of Gloucester, Mass. The first verse reminds us of that grand old hymn, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow":—

"Again we come with joyous hearts to greet,
And mingle now our gratitude with thine;
Again we bow with reverence at His feet
Who crowns thy years this day at ninety-nine."

"Dear friends of old, and friends of later day,
Together come, to linger at thy shrine,—
To scatter incense all along the way
That led thy footsteps up to ninety-nine."

"How many scenes these precious years have wrought,
How many loved ones in thy heart entwined!
How many blessings come to thee unsought,
How many happy hours in ninety years and nine!"

Anecdotes of Two Famous Painters.

Xeuxis, a famous Greek artist of ancient times, painted so naturally a dish of grapes held by a boy, that birds flew down to the canvas and pecked the fruit. But, while his friends regarded the act as the best compliment ever paid to an artist, Xeuxis sighed, exclaiming, "Had I painted the boy as true to nature as the grapes, the birds would have been afraid to touch them!"

It is of Xeuxis and a rival Greek that a more familiar anecdote is handed down. The rival was Parrhasius. In the contest between them, Xeuxis painted his favorite subject, grapes. At the exhibition of the pictures, down came the birds again, and flew at the grapes as if to eat them. "Now," said Xeuxis, triumphantly, "draw aside that curtain and show your picture." His rival smiled, for the curtain itself was the picture, painted upon a board to represent real drapery. The generous Xeuxis yielded the palm at once, saying, "I deceive birds; you, an artist."

—Selected.

How Lion Was Found.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS, IN "GOLDEN DAYS."

We had been wishing for a dog—Dick and I. We teased father a good deal about it, I'm afraid, but all he would say was, "We'll see—we'll see!" till finally we almost despaired of ever getting one. You can judge, then, perhaps, how curious we were when he came home one evening with a covered basket, which we knew contained something *live*. In an excited chorus, we asked him what it was.

Father laughed rather provokingly. I thought, and waved us back with his hand. Then he laid the basket on the table.

"Shut your eyes until I tell you to look," he said. We did so. "Now open them," he commanded.

You had better believe we obeyed him, and this is what we saw: A little Newfoundland puppy, with curly, black hair. He looked so funny as he stood up, with his weak legs trembling beneath him, and watched us from the corner of his watery blue eyes, that we couldn't help laughing outright; and then, as he began to yelp reproachfully, we made up for it by patting him, and he grew quiet again.

"Where did you get him?" I breathlessly asked, as soon as I could recover from my astonishment.

"Yes, where?" echoed Dick. "From a man down town," quietly answered father. "He had three to sell. I paid him five dollars for this one. It was the nicest-looking of all, I think."

He *was* a beauty, and no mistake. I stroked his fine, silken hair, once or twice, and turned to father again.

"And is he to be all our own?" I said, eagerly, while Dick waited for father's answer, with his heart almost in his mouth.

"Yes," replied father; yours and Dick's."

We felt like hugging father then, when baby Phil toddled over to him, and began repeating, as fast as he could:

"Me, too! me, too! me, too!"

"Yes, yours, too!" exclaimed father.

And, laughing, he caught him up in his arms; and when nurse came, a little while after, to carry him off to bed, he actually cried because we wouldn't let him take the dog to sleep with him.

When he was gone, Dick and I took Lion—for you may be pretty sure we had already decided upon his name—out to the kitchen, to see if he wanted anything to eat. And didn't he? Well, rather! We placed a saucer of heated milk before him, and you just ought to have seen him go for it.

He began to grow so big that finally we became nervous, for it really seemed as if he would burst if he kept on much longer. But at last he stopped, and, with his nose a bluish-white, turned and looked at us, as if to say, "Well, what next?"

A place for him to sleep was next. We got out an empty soap-box from the store-room, and lined it with some old car-

pet. Then we put him in it, and, with the gas turned low, we waited to see what he would do.

We were just congratulating ourselves that he was pleased with his new quarters, when he began to yelp at a tremendous rate. Then we heard a scratching noise, and, almost before we knew it, he tumbled head first over the side of the box. Rolling over two or three times, he got upon his feet again, and began to explore the kitchen.

He hadn't made many discoveries before we put him back in the box; and—would you believe it?—you couldn't have counted ten before he was out again. Of course, that would never do. We fixed some boards over the box, so that he would have to stay in, and then we left him.

The next morning, cook and nurse said that he carried on so during the night that they couldn't get a wink of sleep. Their room is over the kitchen, you see. But after that he didn't make much noise, and finally he became quiet altogether.

We had lots of fun with him as he grew older, and he seemed to enjoy himself as much as any of us. It would take a whole *GOLDEN DAYS* to tell you what he could do, so I'll

not attempt it. I didn't start out with that idea, anyway.

In the summer we went to the seashore. It wasn't a very fashionable resort, but I, for one, liked it all the better on that account. A fellow could go bare-foot, and it didn't matter if his trousers *were* patched, and he had only one suspender across his back; and what it lacked in style it made up in health.

Such appetites as we all had! You ought to have seen us polish off a beefsteak—when we had one. Most often we had fish.

"Liberty Hall" we called the place, and we had no end of jolly times, I can tell you—bathing, fishing and boating in plenty, and, when you were tired, a hammock on the shady side of the porch, where you could take a nap, with the sound of the waves in your ears, and the fresh wind blowing in your face.

Lion was with us too. There were some thoughts about leaving him at first, but we pleaded so hard for him to go that at last father said we might bring him. And you ought to have seen him take to the water. He seemed more like a porpoise than a dog. There was hardly a time in the day when you could catch him perfectly dry.

It was such an out-of-the-way place that there was no railroad. But every day a little steamer, called the *Milly Lee*, brought the mail and papers, and we used to go down to the dock on the bay-side and meet her. There were other people who did it be-



"I ROSE FROM MY SEAT, AND CRIED OUT, IN AN EAGER VOICE, 'LION! LION!'"

sides us. They liked to see a steamboat once in awhile, too, I suppose.

Dick and I were returning home from fishing one day. It was almost time for the Milly Lee, and we thought we would row around to see her come in. There was the little crowd of people collected on the dock, as usual, and among them were nurse and Phil with Lion.

When we came near enough for them to recognize us, Phil waved his chubby hand, while Lion wagged his bushy tail as fast as he could. He would have sprung in the water after us if nurse had not called him back.

By-and-by the Milly Lee came in. While she was being made fast to the dock, Phil got away from nurse for a moment. I can't explain just how it happened; but the first thing we knew, Phil was in the water.

In the bustle and excitement, nobody paid any attention to him until nurse's frightened shriek was heard. Nobody, I wrote. I should have said nobody but Lion. But I tell you what, he was as good as any man. You couldn't have snapped your fingers twice before he was in after him.

From where we were, Dick and I saw it all. I was at the oars, and you had better believe I did some tall rowing to get to them. But there was plenty of time. When we came up, Lion had Phil grasped by the dress, and it was all we could do to make him let go his hold.

We finally got Phil in the boat, and a few strokes of the oar brought us to the dock. Nurse, who has been in the family for years, was almost in hysterics at what she called her carelessness. And the first person who bent down with outstretched arms to receive Phil was father. He was on the shore when it all happened, and I never saw his face so white in all my life.

Phil was more frightened than hurt. Just as soon as he could collect his wits he began to cry, and nurse hurried him off to the house as fast as she could to get him in dry clothes. While a group gathered around father, Lion, who had swum ashore, trotted out on the wharf, shaking the water from his shaggy hair; and, when all began praising him, it actually seemed to me as if the noble fellow was ashamed of himself.

On the boat there was a gentleman who took a great fancy to Lion.

"That's a splendid dog you have," he said to father. "I'll give you fifty dollars for him."

When we heard him, Dick and I were almost afraid that father would take him up. But father was not that kind of a man.

"No, sir," he said, and his voice trembled somewhat. "Lion is not for sale. He is not for sale at any price."

You can imagine, perhaps, after that, how Lion was treated. Father was glad we had brought him then. I don't believe there was anything too good for him.

The only thought that marred our enjoyment was that vacation was drawing to a close. All of us had had such a splendid time that we hated awfully to leave. But it was comforting to know that we were coming again the next summer. So, when September arrived, it did not make it so hard for us to go back to the city.

We had not been home more than a month when Lion was stolen. It was not such a very hard thing to do, I suppose, for he would make friends with everybody. Then, too, he was out on the street a good deal. All the neighbors knew him, and we didn't dream that any one would coax him away. If we had, you may be pretty sure we'd have been more careful.

I can't tell you how bad we all felt. It was babyish in me, I know, but I cried for most of a week. I could not help it, to save my life. Dick—and he's two years older than I am—cried, too; only not so much, of course. Father tried to cheer us up a bit, telling us there was no use crying over spilt milk. He said he would put advertisements in all the papers, offering a reward for him, and maybe we would get him back.

But we did not. In response to the advertisements, people brought all sorts of dogs to us. The

bell rang twenty times a day, and every time we went to the door we were sure to find a man with a dog outside. But poor old Lion was not among them, and after a while Dick and I gave up all hope of getting him back.

Then father employed a detective. He came around and jotted down a few things in a little notebook he had, after which he went away. He had two or three clues to work on, he said, but they never amounted to anything. Lion was gone, and that was the end of it.

Finally spring came. There was a theatre on our way to school, and Dick and I used to stop for a moment, when we came home, to look at the posters that were up before the doors. One day, when we were returning, we saw something that interested us greatly. It was a play that had dogs in it; and while Dick was looking at the pictures, he said he would like to go and see it.

I was wishing the same thing myself. So, after supper that night, we asked father if we could, and he gave us money to attend the matinee. The next day happened to be Saturday. Somehow, it seemed dreadfully slow in coming. When it did, we were there long before the doors were opened, for we wanted good seats. The man in the box-office gave us two in the first row, right next to the middle aisle,—the best in the house, I think.

We watched the people as they came in, until the theatre at last was crowded. It seemed to us as if the curtain would never rise, and the boys in the gallery must have thought so too, for soon they began to clap their hands and stamp their feet like mad. Then the musicians came, one by one, out of a queer little place under the stage. After tuning their instruments, they began to play. When they stopped, we heard a bell go "ting," and then the curtain went slowly up.

There was a man on the stage bidding good-by to his wife and little girl. It was some time before he went away, and then they returned to the house. Suddenly it all grew dark, and, while the fiddles went "dink-dank, dink-dank," two other men stole in on tiptoe. They said something about "kidnapping the child," but I don't know why. Then they opened the door, which was not locked, and went in.

After a while we heard a scream, and they came rushing out, followed by the mother. The first one had the little girl in his arms. Her mother cried "Help! help!" as loud as she could, and then there was a clanking of chains, and a big dog sprang from behind the scenes. He seized one of the men by his coat, while the other escaped with the child.

And then—and then—oh, I can't tell you how glad I was—I saw it was Lion! Dick, who saw it too, tried to make me sit still. But I broke from him, and rose from my seat. I was so excited that I did not know what I did do. In an eager voice I cried out:

"Lion! Lion!"

He heard me, and turned around. When he saw me standing up, he came toward me, and cleared the stage at one bound. The leader of the orchestra ducked his head in alarm. And then, as Lion jumped and frisked about us, trying to lick our hands and faces, the people who were near stood up to see, while those in the tiers above clapped their hands and cheered until it seemed as if the house was falling down.

I don't know whether they ever got the little girl back or not. Just then Dick pulled at my coat and said we'd better go. And so, while they kept on making as much noise as ever, we left our seats and went up the aisle, with Lion following close at our heels.

Near the door there was some one waiting for us. It was the man who had stolen the little girl, and he still had on his stage-clothes. I was kind of scared when he asked us, in an angry voice, what we meant by ruining the performance. But Dick spoke up, and said that he was sorry; but Lion was our dog, and we wanted him. And then the man said that he owned Lion, and that he had bought him a long while ago.

And then, when I saw that his big, fierce-look-

ing moustache was not a real one, I plucked up courage, and said that it was easy to tell he was our dog, because he came to us. But, in spite of all we said, the man would not let us take Lion home. He put a chain around his neck, and we had to go back without him.

Just as soon as father heard of it, he got his hat and cane, and we all went to the theatre together. We found the man behind the scenes, and, after taking a look at Lion, father began talking to him. And he talked right up, too.

After a while, the man said he was willing to give Lion up, since he was convinced that the dog was ours. He had bought him, he said, from a colored man, for twenty dollars,—the one who stole him, I guess. Before we left, he tried to get father to sell Lion to him, but he soon found out that it was of no use.

We went home, and Lion accompanied us. Mother, who was watching at the window, waved her handkerchief when she saw him. And when Dick and I got in the hall, we could not keep in any longer, but just up and hurrahed with all our might; while Lion, with Phil's arms flung around his neck, stood by, looking as pleased as any of us.

And that is how we found Lion.

Prof. Bristol's Horses at Globe Theatre.

Prof. Bristol's horses were a surprise even to those who expected much of them, and the show was a complete success. Boston has seen some wonderful performances of trained and educated animals, but never any which surpassed the one under consideration. The horses and the two mules which are used in the entertainment are not only intelligent and handsome, but they perform feats which are not only difficult, but pleasing to the eye. Prof. Bristol has not been unmindful of the fact that the general public like to be amused, and so he has trained his wonderful mule "Denver" to perform many comical tricks which please young and old. When the curtain rises, the mule Denver is discovered ringing a bell for the other animals to come to school. They enter one by one, carrying slates, books, baskets, etc.; and when the Professor arrives on the scene, the animals remove his coat, overshoes, and bring him the materials for conducting his school. The performance then proceeds as follows: Col. Wood, Lotta, Petoskey, and Eagle are reported for punishment by Denver, who acts as monitor. One is ordered to stand upon three legs, another upon his knees, one upon a dunce-block, one to lie down and sleep, while Denver sits down with rod and line to fish. Denver rings a bell for mathematical exercises by Mattie and Eagle; and the latter, on finding the example wrong, erases figures from the blackboard. Denver answers a call at the door; Mattie brings writing material, and tells the month, day, and hour; Lottie brings either specie or currency from a closed money-drawer; Petoskey and Denver mail a letter; Col. Wood shows what he could and would do, and how sleepy, good and bad horses act, etc., etc. Mattie distinguishes colors red, blue, and white, and brings either from a desk which she opens; she squeals at word of command, and catches a ball in a manner that would astonish a Boston nine player. Eagle walks to the Professor and toward the audience, and sideways to right or left; turns and trots in the most graceful way. Boxes and barrels are rolled and tumbled about, and a good time generally is had at recess.

In the second part of the performance, the feats performed are even more wonderful. Denver swings his teacher and is swung by him. John Sanborn gets into a swing, and, unaided, sets it in motion; and Hornet imitates, in a laughable and surprising manner, the rocking-horse familiar to children. A number of the horses also give a comical imitation of the Swiss bell-ringers. Denver and the Professor take lunch together, to the amusement of the audience; and a military drill concludes the entertainment.

—Boston Herald.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

BY MR. R. B. FORBES, OF MILTON.

Boston, 4th Sept., '85.

Dear Sir:—I am not sure but I have before given you some incidents connected with my ancient friend, *Flora*, a little spaniel; at all events, the story will bear repetition. Many years ago,—almost half a century,—I was on a visit to Exeter, N. H. I went one day, gun in hand, to try to get a partridge. After tramping round for some time without success, I met a man hunting who was accompanied by a spaniel slut, and I proposed to join him and try my luck. I found that his name was Smith, and he called his dog *Rose*, which seemed a funny coincidence, as my wife was named Smith, and *Rose* was her Christian name. Well, as we Yankees say, we had good sport, owing to the good nose of the little dog; and, as the sun was getting low, we turned our steps for home. I asked if the dog was for sale, and he said: "No; my family set a good deal by that dog, and I don't want to part with her." But it was arranged that, if I chose to give \$10 for her and her two unweaned pups, I could have her, provided the family consented. Finally the bargain was closed, and I requested Mr. Smith to bring her to the house where I was visiting, at eight o'clock the next morning, when myself and wife were to take the stage for Boston; but I said the dog must not be called "*Rose*," for it would not do to have two pet *Roses* in one family. "Call her *Flora*," I said. The dog and basket, with two pups, came in due time, and we left, but stopped at the door of the tavern to receive a passenger and the mail-bag. Of course that was before railroads were mail-carriers. While waiting at the tavern the driver looked in, and, seeing the well-known spaniel, exclaimed, as he looked towards my wife and the basket: "Hallo, *Rosy*, you little slut! what are you doing there?"

My wife, of necessity, flared up and said:

"What means that insolent fellow?"

I smiled, almost audibly, and said:

"Never mind, my dear; the man has probably been drinking."

A moment later, a boy looked in and said:

"Ah, *Rosy*! are you there?"

Of course I was obliged to explain in regard to the name of the dog, which I had introduced as *Flora*.

At the time mentioned, I resided in Pemberton Square, No. 24, and my office was in State Street. *Flora* became a great favorite, and often went with me to my office. I had so trained her to fetch and carry, that I often sent notes by her to my house and received replies. By and by I went to China,—this was in 1838,—and *Flora* went with me. Returning home in July, 1840, in a ship for New York, *Flora* accompanied me. We had as passenger Dr. Peter Parker, who had long resided in Canton as missionary, and had organized a private hospital for the treatment of Chinese. One day, on the passage, *Flora* was taken ill with a bad cough, and she went to the good doctor for relief. He examined her throat, and found that a sharp bone had become firmly fixed *athwartships* in her mouth. It was soon removed by the doctor, when *Flora* showed her gratitude by jumping on the doctor and barking.

Now, why did she not come to me, her master? I answer, simply because she had seen the doctor operating on another fellow-passenger, who had been severely wounded in his jaw in a fight with Chinese pirates.

Flora arrived safely home, and was received with shouts of joy. My story has got a little mixed, for it was after this that I lived in Pemberton Square.

Flora died much lamented, at a good old age, about 1845.

[A wide circle of friends have been made sad by the death of Mrs. Forbes since the writing of the above article.—Editor.]

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

In one of the lumbering districts of Clare Co., Mich., lived a family of five persons and a dog. The dog was a "common cur," not even possessing local fame, and had his kennel a short distance from the house. One night, about midnight, the family were awakened by his violent barking and scratching at the door. The house was enveloped in flames! They all managed to get out in safety, but the brave dog was forgotten, and perished in the fire. If he had been a human being, his sad death would have been published far and wide, but he was "only a dog."

ZADA.

Goldsmith Maid Sold For \$35.

Goldsmith Maid, at the height of her glory, for a joke was taken from her quarters through a back street, led to a public place, and put up by auction, the spectators bidding in good faith until the price run up to \$34, when some one connected with the stable bid \$35, the hammer fell, and she was led away.

The Promotion of Politeness to Animals.

It was a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals who was overheard as he talked to a gentleman who sat next to him in a horse-car.

"It is my opinion, sir," said the member, "that there ought to be a branch organization of our society, for the promotion of politeness to animals. When we have succeeded in making it a point of common sentiment that it is a shame to treat an animal with cruelty,—and much has already been done toward this consummation,—then the next thing will be," said this imaginative person, "to teach the people that every animal has the right to expect to be treated with civility. A man would be promptly knocked down if he were to address another of his own kind in the way I heard a driver speak to his horse the other day. The horse was doing well enough, the man had no cause to blame him; but he wanted the animal to go faster, and shouted at him in so rough, coarse, and brutal a manner that," said the member, "my ears and my feelings were much offended, although I was not the individual addressed, was not so near to the disagreeable sound as was the horse, and am by no means gifted with so fine and sensitive an ear as Providence has granted to horses. That is a bad man, I know it, I said to myself. I was sure that he neglects his wife, beats his children, and had stolen the horse from some man of gentler make, or else where had the horse acquired the patrician dignity and patience with which he obeyed the rough command? I have met," continued the member, "so many instances that prove the pleasanter phases of man's relations to his horse, that I will not recite them."

"A whip, sir, is a thing that I do not own," said the member with some grandeur. "A horse that actually needs correction, beyond spoken reproof, is a horse whose early training has been so bad that I don't want him for a member of my family, any more than I should like a man of such stamp. I have no occasion to strike John,—John is my horse, sir,—and why should I annoy him by keeping a whip by me in the carriage, or insult him by cracking it in the air? What is the use of practically saying to a horse, 'You are my slave, and I like to remind you of it with the warning snap of the lash,' when, by treating him as one gentleman should treat another, I can have him for my friend?"

"I am not certain," he mused, "how much of our language is understood by a horse. Tones and inflections evidently are,—I am by no means sure about words. My horse knows his name; he recognizes some words that are familiar to him, in whatever tone they are pronounced. I do not think he cares for rhetoric with appropriate elocution. And he is right! Oratory is an art too little studied by people who have things to say. By the way," went on the member, "I committed a mean act the other day in the interest of science,—the common excuse." There came an honest flush of regret upon his face.

"Yes, sir, I deceived my horse. He was not disposed to go to my place of business, or, in fact, to go at all. Some people would have called him balky. I say it was a difference of opinion between us. It was necessary for me to be at my banking-house; but, except to take me there, John had no call in that direction. At all events, he stood still and refused to take another step. I have had the idea that the reason why very small boys are so ready to pick up the profane words they chance to hear in the street, and so slow to learn nursery hymns, is not any badness of heart in the little fellows, but the energy and point with which their elders are heard to swear, as compared with the ineffective languor that pervades the teaching of 'How doth the little busy bee.' It occurred to me to see what a pleasing manner and libellous language can do for John. So I spoke to him in an exceeding courteous manner, sir. I told him he was a hardened villain, for whom horse-car service was too good. My voice became still gentler when I let him know that he was a disgrace to his kind, and a horse for which I had no use. There was tender deference, sir, in my tones when I described to John the road, rough as cobble-stones and down hill all the way,—not so easy as it has been said to be,—by which bad horses descend to Avernus, with its concrete pavement of good intentions, and so on discussing at length.

"Then John gave the soft trilling whinney with which he usually acknowledges the receipt of a potato or a handful of grass, and went gayly on his way. I knew that horse had not understood a word of all I said to him, for he is not the sort of horse to be induced by fear of future possible trouble to a present actual trot. He is too gener-

ous an animal to be driven by fear when his judgment, being set the other way, had not yielded to his friendship for me. It was nothing but my civil manner that led John to oblige me, and I declare, sir, it was a mean advantage that I took of him.

"But when I see his ears turn so quickly to catch the far-off noise of a train of cars that I do not hear for many seconds later; when those ears quiver proudly at the sound of military music, or are pricked up with pleasure to listen to a voice that is well known to him,—oh! there is no doubt that John enjoys his good ears; and I say, sir, that he shall not hear any harsh tones to hurt them. I have dismissed two men this season already for speaking crossly to John when they groomed him; and, upon my word, sir," concluded the member, "I hope the horse did not hear me when I talked to Nathan and Thomas!" With these words he left the car.

—Boston Daily Advertiser, Sept. 7, '85.

Slaughtered for Fashion.

The old epicures of Greece and Rome used on high occasions to revel in a dish of *nightingales' brains*. This was a wanton waste of birds; but to destroy birds for their beauty, and wear them dead as showy decorations, is a more revolting misuse than even the poorest pretence of turning them into food. Something like the heathen sentiment that gloated over the splendidly-formed gladiator,

"Batchered to make a Roman holiday."

seems to survive in civilization, and ride uppermost in the luxurious selfishness of dress. At least the taste of parading on the head the stuffed *post mortem* of a pretty creature, killed for show, is more appropriate to barbarian princesses and "medicine men," than to the belles of Christian society. A correspondent of *Forest and Stream* says:

Many thousand sea-swallows are killed every season, and their skins sent to France to be dyed for millinery purposes. It is in the direction of fashion that the destruction of our birds is most to be feared, and the fashion is simply disgusting. Nothing is more sickening than a dead bird on a hat. It contributes nothing to the good taste of the wearer. I have seen a woman in the horse-cars with the whole front of a prairie chicken on her hat, with shrivelled beak and glass beads for eyes, projecting in the same direction as the woman's nose. The expression on her face seems to say, "What a nice ornament I wear on my hat." What a poor, cruel taste!

The writer of this has at the present time a Brazilian grass parakeet, a very handsome and affectionate little fellow. He sits on the finger while his master writes, chips and kisses his fingers, then runs up the arm and nestles under his chin, puts his head into the vest pocket, will even climb up and kiss the lips if permitted to do so. This bird is a beauty, and has a little episode in his history. His beautiful plumage, long-tipped wing pinions and tail might have cost him his life. A *would-be lady* earnestly petitioned his owner the other day to sell him. She had just held him on her finger and witnessed some of his affectionate, cunning tricks. She wanted him stuffed to wear on her hat. That woman would make a good Indian squaw; she pretends to move in good society.

—Youth's Companion.

Sir Isaac Newton's Courtship.

Sir Isaac Newton said he had no time to court a wife, so a friend persuaded an estimable lady to call upon him with a letter of introduction. Sir Isaac received her politely, filled his pipe, sat down by her side, took her hand, and commenced conversation; but presently a thought as to the motion of the heavenly bodies struck him so forcibly that he forgot all about the lady, took his pipe out of his mouth, and used one of the lady's fingers to push the tobacco into the bowl of the pipe. Her finger was burned. She sprang up, left the house, and so ended the philosopher's courtship.

Moral—Don't marry a philosopher.

Officers of the Society.**President.**

GEORGE T. ANGELL, Boston.

Vice-Presidents.

His Excellency the Governor and one hundred others through the State.

Directors.

George T. Angell,
Mrs. Wm. Appleton,
George Noyes,
Dr. D. D. Slade,
Russell Sturgis, Jr.,
Henry S. Russell,
Mrs. J. C. Johnson,
William H. Baldwin,
G. J. F. Bryant,
Henry P. Kidder,
Samuel E. Sawyer,
Miss Florence Lyman,
Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb,
J. Murray Forbes,

Daniel Needham,
Henry B. Hill,
J. Boyle O'Reilly,
Nathan Appleton,
Mrs. R. T. Paine, Jr.,
Miss Alice Russell,
Thomas W. Bicknell,
Percival L. Everett,
Augustus Hemenway,
Benjamin P. Ware,
David Nevins,
Charles F. Donnelly,
Mrs. Henry K. Horton,
J. Frank Wadleigh.

Secretary,—Joseph L. Stevens.

Treasurer,—Charles Fairchild.

Finance Committee.—J. Murray Forbes, George Noyes, Mrs. William Appleton, Daniel Needham.

Committee on Legislation, Transportation and Slaughtering.—Nathan Appleton, Mrs. William Appleton, J. Murray Forbes, Augustus Hemenway, Henry B. Hill, Miss Florence Lyman, Dr. D. D. Slade.

On Officers and Prosecutions.—Samuel E. Sawyer, Mrs. J. C. Johnson, Henry B. Hill, George Noyes, Benjamin P. Ware.

On Humane Education, Publications and Prizes.—George Noyes, Mrs. William Appleton, Nathan Appleton, Thomas W. Bicknell, Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, J. Boyle O'Reilly.

Trustees of Permanent Fund.—Samuel E. Sawyer, Samuel C. Cobb, George T. Angell.

Auditors.—Samuel E. Sawyer, William H. Baldwin.

Counselor.—William Minot, Jr.

Prosecuting Agents at Boston Offices.—Charles A. Currier, Joseph Baker, Thomas Langlan.

Clerk at Society's Office.—Francis S. Dyer.

The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

The Dog That Outwitted His Master.

The following story of the way in which a dog outwitted his master appeared first in a Scottish journal, and several persons bore witness to the truth of the narrative:—

A gentleman in Glasgow owned a very intelligent Newfoundland. He accompanied his master wherever he went, and was his inseparable companion in his visits to church. One evening the gentleman went out to visit a neighbor. The dog attended him. It was quite late when the gentleman started for home, and, to his surprise, his dog could not be found. After the family had retired to bed, there was a great noise in the kitchen. It was supposed that burglars were robbing the house. Soon there was a crash and a smash like the breaking in of a window, and then all was still. The morning revealed the mystery. The dog had fallen asleep under the table. He was sensible that his master had gone home, and the noise heard was the attempt of the dog to make his escape. As there was no other way to get out, the sagacious animal went through the window, taking the glass and frame with him.

It was a long time before his master visited that house again. When he did, his dog accompanied him, and the animal found his way through the open door of the kitchen to his old hiding-place under the table. It was late when the master started for home. But neither his hat nor cane could be found. After a long search, the dog was discovered fast asleep under the table; one paw in his master's hat, the other resting on his master's cane. How he obtained possession of these articles no one could tell. He remembered his last visit to the place, and resolved not to be left behind the next time. He knew that his master could not go home without his hat and cane, and that he would be quite likely to be awakened when his owner got ready.

A lady stepped into the sanctum this morning and said sweetly: "Will you be kind enough to let me look at *The Christian at Work*?" The horse editor blushed a little, but had the presence of mind to say: "Certainly, madam; what can I do for you?"

—Exchange.

Our Daily Reckoning.**I.**

If you sit down at set of sun,
And count the acts that you have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying deed, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance, most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that day well spent.

II.

But, if through the livelong day,
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;
If, through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face,
No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

—Selected.

Good Frog.

A naturalist describes a curious act on the part of a frog as follows: "I rescued a frog from the claws of a cat; and, to my great surprise, it turned, and after gazing at me for a few seconds jumped lightly toward me, halting after each leap and gazing up in my face. It thus gradually approached, and in about two or three minutes had actually climbed upon one of my feet. Its mute appeal for protection was most remarkable, and could not possibly be misunderstood."

The strike of the car-drivers in Chicago leads the *Times* of that city to declare that the car-horses regarded the contest with "equine-imity."

Receipts by the Society in August.**FINES.**

Police Court.—Newton (2 cases), \$15; Chelsea, \$5.
District Courts.—Woburn (4 cases), \$60; Hingham, \$50; Attleboro', \$10; Waltham (2 cases), \$20.
Witness fees, \$1.80.

FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Wm. Amory, \$50; I. E. M., \$25; Jno. T. Coolidge, \$10; Geo. F. Carpenter, \$0.50.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. H. A. Thorndike, Mrs. Calvin G. Page, J. Frank Wadleigh, H. W. Peabody, Chas. D. Barry, Abram French & Co., Andrew G. Weeks, B. W. Nichols, O. M. Wentworth, J. N. Denison, Norcross, Mellen & Co.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

A friend for Wallace A. Brown, Louise D. Caldwell, J. F. Kraus, An aged lady.
Total, \$144.50.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Harper & Brothers, \$5; Anna and Bessie Pedder, \$2.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

M. A. Smith, E. J. Hoxie, Mrs. W. F. Endicott.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

C. A. Riley, G. L. Anthony, Mrs. A. G. Cochrane, Matthew Morrill, Howard Kingsbury, Annie A. Temple, H. B. Lord, Arthur D. Green.
Total, \$14.00.

OTHER SUMS.

Interest, \$56.25; publications sold, \$10.37.
Total receipts in August, \$350.92.

Cases Reported at Office in August.

Forbearing, 14; overworking and overloading, 17; overdriving, 8; driving when lame or galled, 51; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 12; abandoning, 2; torturing, 7; driving when diseased, 9; cruelty transporting, 1; general cruelty, 44.

Total, 165.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 53; warnings issued, 48; not found, 12; not substantiated, 38; anonymous, 6; prosecuted, 8; convicted, 7; warrants returned without service, 1.

Animals taken from work, 32; horses and other animals killed, 59.

Letter Postage.

A letter can be remailed as often as necessary within the United States to get it to the owner, without extra postage. The only limit is the number of changes that can be made in addresses on the face of the envelope.

—N. Y. Tribune.

Publications Received From Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.
Humane Educator. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Humane Record. St. Louis, Mo.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Animals' Friend. Geneva, Switzerland.
Rhenish-Westphalian S. P. A. Journal, Nos. 1-4, Cologne, Germany.
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.
Providence, R. I. Fifteenth Annual Report of Rhode Island S. P. C. A., for 1881-1885.
Dublin, Ireland. Annual Report of Dublin Society P. C. A., for 1881.
Vienna, Austria. Annual Reports of Vienna Society P. A., for 1883-1884.
Rome, Italy. Report of the Roman Society P. A., for 1884-1885.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole ten bound together, or \$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses," .45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.50 "
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell, .50 "
"The Check Rein," by G. T. Angell, .60 "
"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.00 "
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade, 1.00 "
Humane Picture Card, "Waiting for the Master," .75 "
"Selections From Longfellow," 3.00 "
"Bible Lessons for Bands of Mercy," .45 "
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc. .65 "
"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins, 12.50 "
"Band of Mercy Melodies," book form, 2c. each.
Band of Mercy Register, 6 cents.
"Cards of Membership, 2 cents each.
The above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS,

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.**TERMS:**

Single copies, per annum, 50 cents; for four copies and below ten, 45 cents; for ten and below twenty-five copies, 40 cents; for twenty-five and below fifty, 35 cents; for fifty and below one hundred, 30 cents; and for one hundred and more copies, as now, 25 cents each, in advance. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

Articles for the paper, and subscriptions, may be sent to the Editor, 96 Tremont Street, Boston.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP:

Active Life, - - - \$100.00	Associate Annual, - - - \$5.00
Associate Life, - - - 50.00	Children's, - - - 1.00
Active Annual, - - - 10.00	Branch, - - - 1.00

All members receive OUR DUMB ANIMALS free, and all publications of the Society.

OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY:**OVER 96 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.**

Entrance around the corner, 1 Bowditch Street.

Coburn Bros. & Snow, Printers, 114 Washington St., Boston.

at
e

00

ts.
ch.
at

S,

8.

ten,
nty-
ach,

to the

5 00
1 00
1 00

olica-

W.
t.